**Comfort (in who i am)**

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# Comfort (in who i am)

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Nigel is pissed off after a shitty mammogram appointment.

It had been a rough fucking day, beyond any need for it to be. There was no fucking reason this day should have gone this way. Nigel's jaw clenched and was aching.

They had discussed all this ahead of time. When the booking clerk called to set up the appointment, Nigel had explained their gender, their pronouns. The clerk had seemed to understand and said she'd make a note, so they hadn't expected the shit show that had been their day.

Nigel entered the apartment and slammed the door harder than they realised, that much was clear from the way Will shouted "Hey!" from the kitchen, coming quickly out into the hallway to see what was happening.

"You break it, you're paying for that door," despite the scolding, Will frowned with concern.

“Fuck off,” Nigel snapped, before taking a breath and then meeting Will’s eye, contrite. “Sorry.”

Will was still frowning as he walked forward and placed a hand on Nigel’s arm. Nigel liked to be held, but only on their terms. Will knew them well enough to take cues on it and Nigel appreciated that, and even more so when they slumped against Will stepped forward and his arms came up around them.

“What happened, darlin’?” Will muttered against their ear, his Southern drawl coming through as it always did when it was just the two of them - comfortable together.

Nigel always felt comfortable here, and with Will. And most of the time they felt comfortable in themself, unless shit like this happened to shake them. And then it was good to have the option of external comfort to fall back on - to have Will.

“Got my fucking tits mashed today. Fucking mammogram.” Nigel grumbled against Will’s neck and felt his arms tighten.

“Why didn’t you tell me, I’d have come with you.” There was a gentle reprimand in Will’s tone that made Nigel want to pull away, but stopped themself.

“I wanted to… I needed to do it on my own,” Nigel growled the words in defiance, but knew they didn’t need to fully explain, and felt Will nod against them.

“Was everything okay with the results?”

Nigel took in a breath, concerned that they might have made Will concerned that there was something wrong with the scan itself.

Nigel shook their head, “Nothing out of the ordinary, apparently. Full results will be sent to the doc in a couple of weeks and I’ll get an appointment, but they didn’t have any concerns.”

They felt Will relax against them at that confirmation.

“I imagine it was… uncomfortable. I’m sorry--” Will started but Nigel cut him off with a growled response as they pulled away. The rage was at the situation, at the people, not at Will, but Nigel couldn’t help that it rose up again inside them.

“Fucking uncomfortable?! I thought mashing my tits into a fucking machine would be bad enough, but fuck! They put me in a stupid pink fucking gown. A grown ass adult going for a serious medical test, and they dress us in fucking gendered colour-coded fucking shit like it’s a nursery school. Fucking pink! They fucking didn’t know how to talk to me, or about me. Couldn’t get it into their fucking heads that some men have tits. Fucking…”

Nigel had passed as male for years, and knew chances were high that this sort of thing would happen, because people were fucking stupid.

Will was tense again, they could see it. Will was seething.

“Fucking assholes. I should have come with you. I’d have set them straight!”

Nigel knew he would have, he'd have gotten in their faces and intimidated the shit out of them. He'd have made up for the fact that the only time Nigel wasn't intimidating was when they were dysphoric, and today had been as dysphoric-inducing as fuck.

"Let me get my coat, I'll go talk to them now--" Will started, and Nigel knew he was absolutely serious. He really would jump in his shitty Volvo and drive over there and chew someone out. And seeing Will seeth with that amount of anger on their behalf made Nigel's own anger deflate.

They didn't need to prolong the negativity of this whole fucking experience.

They shook their head, "It's okay. I'll be okay. Just want to forget about it. I just want…" They tried to put it into words but then Will drew them back into his arms and held them tight. "Yeah, that."

*

Neither of them ate much of the pasta Will had made, neither having much of an appetite. And when Will suggested Nigel would feel better after a shower, they agreed and did just that.

Nigel hated that they felt tentative as they walked back into the bedroom with a towel around their waist, their chest feeling more prominent as a result of the day they'd had. But they knew that wrapping the towel around them in a more feminine style, covering their chest, would make them feel even worse.

They stopped when they saw Will putting the pillows on the bed, their favourite set - the teal one that might not be the most expensive one they owned, but was definitely the most comfortable.

"You changed the sheets," Nigel acknowledged, already relishing the feel of clean, crisp sheets. Which surely made everyone feel better about life.

Will looked up and smiled, then pointed over at Nigel's favourite pyjamas on the end of the bed. They were also the most comfortable, and they fit in a way that made them feel good about themself - hiding the parts they had the most trouble with, whilst accentuating their masculine shape.

"Thought we could get an early night," Will suggested, turning down the covers. Usually when Will said that it had a suggestive lilt, but there was none of that, and it was clear from his smile that all he wanted was to take care of Nigel.

He didn't watch as Nigel threw the towel into the laundry bin and put on the pyjamas, but he was there in the bed, waiting with his arms open when Nigel was ready.

"You're gorgeous," Will muttered, his voice husky as Nigel started towards the bed. The words made him smile and brought back some of their usual confidence, more so for the fact that they knew Will meant it. The walk turned to a saunter and they crawled up the bed to slide in beside Will, to slot into his arms.

Will immediately pulled Nigel close and nuzzled into their neck, his arms going around Nigel's waist - his safe zone. They were toned there, from years of physical work and loved how masculine their abdomen was, between the two areas that caused them the most discomfort.

Nigel huffed, annoyed at themself for still dwelling on it. They weren't usually too dysphoric about their chest, not enough that they had ever decided for sure on whether or not to have surgery. But today was out of the ordinary on that count and Nigel just wanted to go to bed and wake up tomorrow with it all being a distant memory.

"Come here," Will muttered against his hair, his hands sliding down over Nigel's ass. He gave the pert globes a gentle squeeze as he spread his legs and pulled Nigel between them. Once there, he wrapped his arms tighter and then his legs too, circling them around Nigel until the pair of them were completely entwined.

"You're my favourite person, and you always will be," Will muttered, his lips grazing Nigel's skin though without the heat that they might have. This wasn't about that, even as Will whispered sweet nothings about how gorgeous Nigel was, how he was perfect, until Nigel remembered that Will was right.

Nigel hummed, loving the warmth and comfort - the way Will cocooned them so that he was Nigel's entire world in that moment. And that was all they needed, someone who saw them and loved them for who they were.

Will pulled the teal blankets up around them and Nigel snuggled tighter into him.

There was comfort here, they felt comforted. That comfort reminded them of who they were, reaffirmed what they knew about themselves even if sometimes external forces and total assholes could shake that on occasion. They were gorgeous, they were perfect.

At the end of the day, all that really mattered, was how Nigel felt about themself, and as they snuggled together Will muttered "I'm serious about the door, don't slam it like that again,". There was a tease in his tone and Nigel chuckled, relaxing into the comfort of Will's arms.

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